

# LIBERTY FOREVER

(*PER SEMPRE LIBERTÀ!*)

*Marching-Song by*  
*ENRICO CARUSO and*  
*VINCENZO BELLEZZA*

English version by *Frederick H. Martens*

*Price, 60 cents*

*(Published also as a March for Piano)*



New York • G. SCHIRMER • Boston



## PER SEMPRE LIBERTÀ!

La Libertà vi ha chiamati a raccolta  
e vi ha imposto di prender le armi e pugar,  
dicendo: "Correte oltre mar  
a vendicar le terre oppresse dagli Unni,  
e correte, o giovani Yanki,  
a dimostrare il vostro valor!  
Ed a Verdun e sulle Alpi piantar  
glorioso the Star-spangled Banner!",

Noi contenti obbediam  
ed in massa corriam!  
Broadway lasciam  
per ritornar coperti d'allor!  
Le ragazze nel cor  
ci saran fuoco e ardor!  
Esse vedran come i boy  
americani san farsi onor.

La Libertà vi ha chiamati a raccolta  
e vi ha imposto di prender le armi e pugar,  
dicendo: "Correte oltre mar  
a vendicar le terre oppresse dagli Unni,  
e correte, o giovani Yanki,  
a dimostrare il vostro valor,  
ed a Verdun e sulle Alpi gridate:  
*Per sempre Libertà!*",

ENRICO CARUSO e VINCENZO BELLEZZA

## LIBERTY FOREVER!

The voice of Freedom the rally is calling,  
Her clear alarm bids us arm lest her star sink in night,  
She cries: Into rank swiftly falling,  
Ye sons of mine, oh hasten the good fight to fight!  
Your cause shall spur you to deeds great and glorious,  
The nations' rights and their liberties save,  
And o'er a vanquished foe victorious  
In triumph the Star-spangled Banner shall wave!

When the war's fought and won,  
Home comes each mother's son,  
Broadway will go wild,  
Throughout the land man, woman and child!  
Girls they left when they went  
Now will kiss them content,  
Mother and sweetheart and wife  
Will greet her hero returned from strife.

The voice of Freedom the rally is calling,  
Her clear alarm bids us arm lest her star sink in night,  
She cries: Into rank swiftly falling,  
Ye sons of mine, oh hasten the good fight to fight!  
Your cause shall spur you to deeds great and glorious,  
And in my name for my fame you shall dare,  
Till in your valor's might victorious  
You safeguard our Liberty fore'er!

Translation by FREDERICK H. MARTENS

# Liberty Forever!

## Per sempre Libertà!

English version by  
Frederick H. Martens

Enrico Caruso  
and Vincenzo Bellezza

Tempo di Marcia

Voice

Piano *ff squillante*

The voice of Free-dom the ral - ly is call - ing, Her clear a-larm bids us arm lest her  
La Li - ber - tà vi ha chia - ma - tia rac - col - ta e vi ha im - po - sto di pren - der le

star sink in night; She cries: In-to rank swift-ly fall - ing, Ye sons of  
ar-mie pu - gnar, di - cen - do: Cor - re - te ol - tre mar a ven - di -

mine, oh has - ten the good fight to fight! Your cause shall spur you to deeds great and  
car le ter - re op - pres - se da - gli Un - ni e cor - re - te, o gio - va - ni

glo - rious, The nations' rights and their lib - er - ties save! And o'er a van - quish'd  
Yan - ki, a di - mo - stra - re il vo - stro va - lor! Ed a Ver - dun e

*cresc.* *ff*

foe vic - torious In tri - umph the Star - spangled Ban - ner shall wave! —  
sul - le Al - pi pian - tar glo - ri - o - so the Star - spangled Ban - ner! —

*pp*

When the war's fought and won, Home comes  
 Noi con - ten-ti ob - be - diam ed in

*pp*

*cresc.*

each moth - er's son, Broad - - - way will go  
 mas - sa cor - riam! Broad - - - way noi la -

*cresc.*

*f*

wild, Through-out the land man, wo - man and child!  
 sciam per ri - tor - nar co - per - ti d'al - lor!

*f*

*dim.*

Girls \_\_\_\_\_ they left when they went Now \_\_\_\_\_  
 Le \_\_\_\_\_ ra - gaz - ze nel cor ci \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ will kiss them con - tent, Moth - - - er and  
 \_\_\_\_\_ da - ran fuo - co e ar - dor! Es - - - se ve -

sweet-heart and wife Will greet her he - ro re - turn'd from strife, \_\_\_\_\_  
 dran co - me! boy a - me - ri - ca - ni san far - sio - nor! \_\_\_\_\_

## Chorus

CORO

*ff*

The voice of Free-dom the ral-ly is call - ing, Her clear a-larm bids us  
 La Li-ber-tà vi ha chia-ma-tia rac-col - ta e vi ha im-po-sto di

*ff* *sino alla fine*

arm lest her star sink in night; She cries: In-to rank swift-ly fall -  
 pren-der le ar-mie pu-gnar, di-cen-do: Cor-re-te ol-tre mar

ing, Ye sons of mine, oh has-ten the good fight to fight! Your cause shall  
 — a ven-di-car le ter-re op-pres-se da-gli Un-ni, e cor-

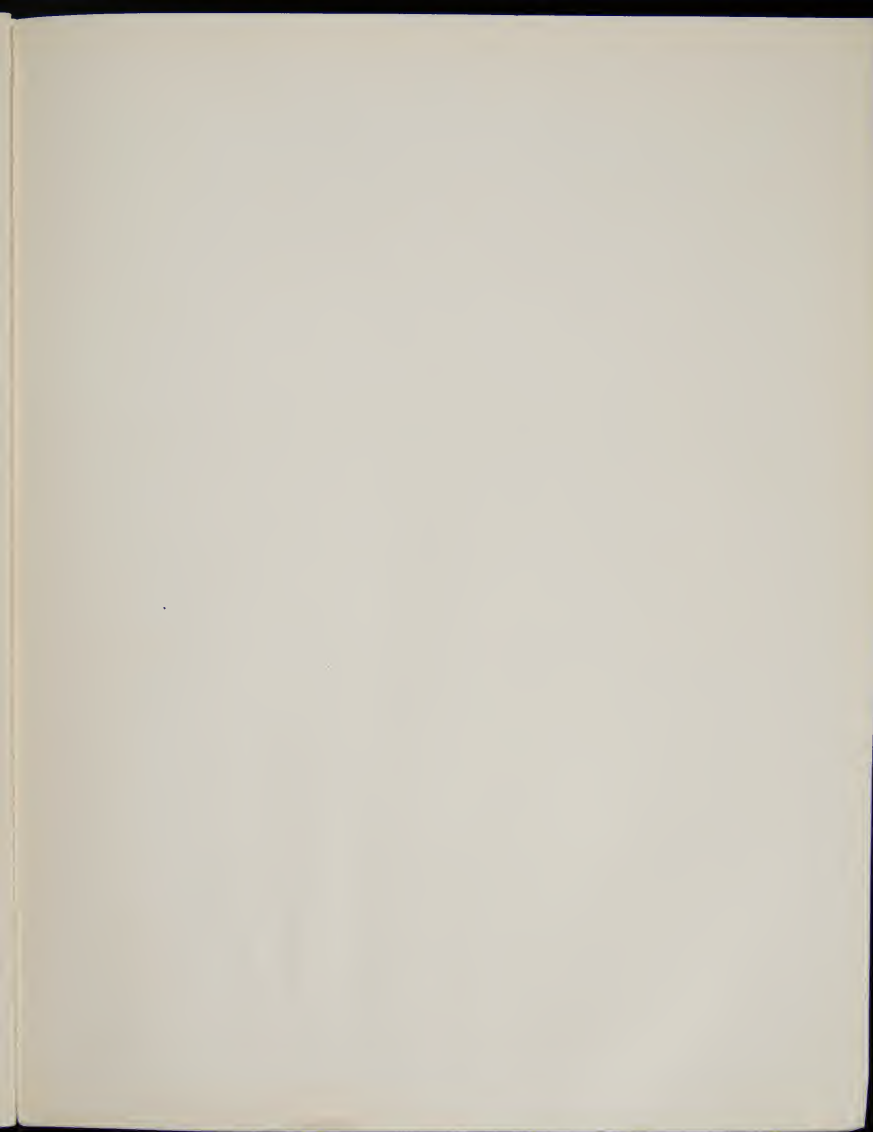


spur you to deeds great and glo - - - rious, And in my name for my  
re - te, o glo - va - ni Yan - - - ki, a di - mo - stra - re il

fame you shall dare, Till in your val - or's might vic -  
vo - stro va - lor! Ed a Ver - dun e sul - le

to-rious You safe-guard our Lib - er - ty for - e'er!  
Al - pi gri - da - te: Per sem - pre Li - ber - tà!





# WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

## The Song of All Nations

"Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary  
to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State  
during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS  
Composer of  
"TO YOU"

### With Marital Spirit

### Slower with feeling.

By permission of Benjamin Schirmer Co.

Copyright, 1911, by B. Schirmer

### HIGH IN B<sub>3</sub>

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;  
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of the battle dark and gory  
In a sunset of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,  
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;  
Wives and sweethearts will press them  
In their arms and cross them,  
And pray God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home.  
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;  
And the lane of their endeavor  
Time and change shall not dissolve  
From the nation's heart for ever,  
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

### MEDIUM IN G

The thin ranks will be prouder when the boys come home,  
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standards tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,  
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;  
But all shall see the traces  
Of the battle's royal graces  
In the brown and leared faces,  
When the boys come home.

3 East 43d Street

G. SCHIRMER

New York